

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



A LETTER FROM THE OLD COUNTRY.

## THE FRANKLINS; OR, THE STORY OF A CONVICT.

CHAPTER IX.—DISTURBING TIDINGS.

SEVERAL months glided by, and brought few changes outwardly to the surviving hero of our story. Franklin's life was solitary enough; for though he occasionally mixed with his friends and only near neighbours, the Wilsons, and became attached to them, a great part of his time was necessarily spent on his own land, or in the retirement of his own hut, with no other companionship than that of two faithful dogs and two faithless

convict men, whom (both dogs and men) he had added to his establishment since the death of his father and mother.

In his farming and grazing operations he had succeeded indifferently well. The colony was at that time increasing in prosperity; and as Franklin was not deficient in energy, and had neither the necessity nor the inclination to expend the profits he made, those gains were, if not rapidly, yet safely accumulating. So, though he was not backward in avowing that the life of an emigrant and a bush farmer was not the life he should have chosen of his own free will, it is probable that

before long he would have settled himself down in it, if not with complete contentment, with a kind of placid resignation, but for a circumstance which awakened in his mind all the chequered past, and recalled him to vigorous action.

Thus we have sometimes seen, when a rivulet has been dammed up and diverted from its natural channel, how quietly and unresistingly it has submitted itself to this new guidance, until the obstruction has been in part removed. And then, with what a swelling, tumultuous determination have the waters returned to the old and forsaken bed, and rushed forward again between its neglected and withering banks!

The circumstance which brought about this change in Franklin's plans, and impelled him to re-enter the scenes which he had believed to be finally closed, was the arrival at Sydney of a mail containing three letters addressed to himself, and which, though written at considerably distant intervals, reached him at the same moment of time.

It should be added, that Franklin had been now more than three years in the colony, and that, though he had written to England on two occasions—namely, on his first arrival, as we have already seen, and on the death of his parents—these were the first letters he had received. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that he hastened, with some eagerness, to possess himself of their contents.

The first he opened, which was written in a formal, cramped hand, proved to be from Mr. Peake, the lawyer, with whom our readers formed some acquaintance in the first part of this history. Its purport was to give an account of the writer's stewardship of the money intrusted to him so many years before, and which the death of William Franklin the elder left him free to pay over to his son and legal representative. It appeared further, that the original sum had been so well employed as to have more than doubled itself by lawful interest, under the lawyer's careful nursing, and that it was now vested in Franklin's name in certain securities, until advice should be received of its final disposal. Supposing, however, that some portion of the property might be immediately useful to his correspondent, Mr. Peake had presumed to abstract a certain amount from the sum total, which he inclosed in bills, payable at sight upon a newly-founded bank in Sydney. Wishing his client all joy and prosperity, and so forth and so forth, the writer begged to remain a very obedient humble servant.

Franklin threw this letter aside with more indifference than usually befalls such an announcement as it contained, (he took care of the bills, however,) and opened the next that came to hand. The writer was Martha White, who, not being of Oakley extraction and education, was so far in advance of that community as to have, at least, some knowledge of penmanship.

"Dear Mr. William," the letter began, (we correct the mis-spelling which occasionally crops out):—"Your kind and welcome letter came safely, and I don't know how to thank you enough for taking so much trouble as to tell me all I most wanted to know. What a pleasure and blessing it must have been to you and your father, (my own poor William, that I first knew when he was only a boy,) to find your mother and his darling Letty so well cared for, and in such kind good hands. I shall never cease to pray God to bless those dear Wilsons, for all their love and service to the poor thing who was not able to fend for herself, being so distracted like for so many weary years; and no wonder. Oh, my precious Letty! To think of the dear creature having been so long afflicted! I could not help crying when I came to that part of your letter, Mr. William; and yet, when I

think of it, it seems to me as if it was all meant for good; for she could not have borne that greater trouble of hers else. And so we may see how kind and tender our heavenly Father is, in fitting the back to the burden, as one may say. And then, to think of her coming to herself again, at the very time you and your father were going out in search of her. And how wonderful it was, too, your falling in with Mr. Wilson the very day after you landed. It reads like a story out of a book, it does, and almost too good to be true.

"And poor Letty (your mother, I mean; but I can't help calling her Letty) asked me to look over her not writing to me in all those years. Why, bless her dear heart! how could she write? I am sure I can look over harder things than that. It is happiness enough for poor Martha White to know now that you are all so happy, as you must be in meeting again, and in having a farm of your own, though it is so far away from the old country. And if it was not for having it put upon me in such a way as I cannot alter, to take care of old Mrs. Franklin, your grandmother, I would not mind crossing the water, and working for you all again, as I used to do—dear me!—when you were only a little thing in arms; and a bouncing baby you were, too; I remember that.

"But I ought not to think of going away from here, while I can be of any use; and who knows but you may all be coming home again, some of these days? and there's nothing to hinder it, is there? And then you'll be wanting poor old Martha to be ready to receive you, as I did your father once before. To be sure, Mr. William, you would not be so grand and looked up to as you were when you lived at 'The Oaks;' but that's not a thing you ought to mind.

"My old head runs on much faster than I can put things down, and I shall leave out lots, I know; but I must not forget to tell you about my poor mistress—your father's mother, I mean. She is as well in health as she has been for a long time, and seems likely, as old as she is, to last a good many years yet to come. But her mind is quite gone now, so that she is like a child. She is pleased to be handling money, though she does not seem to know what it is; and a penny is as good to her as a crown: so I let her have a bag full of coppers, which she turns out in her lap and puts back again fifty times a day or more; poor thing! As to the little farm, I do the best to carry it on for them that will have to come after; and I am keeping everything as clear as I can, so as to be able to give a good account of all matters.

"I must tell you that I sometimes see Madam Oakley, but not so often as I used; for I am afraid she has troubles of her own, which she did not use to have. I know she is troubled about you—she calls you her Willy—and would be glad to see you back again, only she must not say so. But there is another trouble which it does not become me to talk about; and I would not mention it even to you, only I know you will feel for the kind-hearted lady. The trouble is about Mr. Miles, her son, who goes on very badly in many ways more than I dare mention. I hear, however, (but not from Madam,) that he is going to be married and settle down. He told me this himself one day, when he rode up to our cottage. He did not tell me the lady's name, only that it is Ellen; but I know it must be Miss Murray.

"I hope it is not true, Mr. William, that you had set your love on that young lady, as I have heard, and that you have been turned off to make room for the young squire. I can't believe of him that he would do anything so bad as that—\* \* \* \*"

Now, if it should be asked why, on reaching this part of Martha White's letter, Franklin suddenly changed countenance, started as though he had been stung by a venomous insect, and otherwise exhibited many marks of strong discomposure—seeing that he had long before resigned his pretensions to Ellen Murray's hand, and buried his hopes of ever making her his wife—we can only reply that our hero was so little of a hero after all, as to be exceedingly susceptible of common and everyday emotions, feelings, passions, call them what you will. In fact, the hopelessness of gaining Ellen had weighed with him in seeking the discharge which he obtained from the Admiralty, after immense trouble, and not without much influence being used in his behalf. He had now no motive, he said, for ambition. It was very foolish in him, no doubt, to crush poor Martha's letter in his great big fist, as though he would have squeezed out the offending sentences, if he could; and very weak in him to brush the fellow-fist across his eyes, impatiently. And probably, Franklin was very unreasonable, when he exclaimed within himself against the treachery and falsehood of one who had so long been his bosom friend and companion, and was entirely mistaken when he declared, still to himself, that if it had been any other than Miles, he would have been rather glad than sorry to know that Ellen's heart had not been quite broken by the fiat of separation which had half-broken his own. It was positively ridiculous, perhaps, in him to remember how he had once magnanimously offered Miles Oakley the treasure which he had now, out of mere wantonness (of course) stooped to filch; and how, not so long ago, he had opened his heart to this same traitor, and had intrusted him with his secret determination to win back the prize of his life. But then, no one can guess beforehand what foolish, weak, unreasonable, ridiculous and altogether unaccountable things a despairing lover may think, say, or do, even on the slender foundation of an unconfirmed report or a bare suspicion. We may let all this pass.

"If he had only written to me himself," said poor Willy, when his first foolish paroxysms were over, and the first hot tears he had shed for many a day were yet moistening his cheeks—"If he had only first written to me, I should not have minded it so much. I would not have stood in the way of his happiness—and hers—he need not have been afraid of that."

And then Franklin remembered that he had not read the whole of Martha's letter; and that he had another unopened one in his hand.

There was not much more in Martha's, which ended with hoping that "Mr. William" was wiser than she had been, who left her soul to take care of itself till she was an old woman, and with sending her love and dutiful obedience to her dear mistress and master.

There was no date to the letter; but from internal evidence Franklin gathered that it was written soon after his first despatches reached home, certainly before his second arrived. Probably the letter had been mislaid and delayed, or miscarried, which was nothing very extraordinary in those days; and the wonder was, that it had reached him at all, for the direction on it was obscure and enigmatical.

Franklin now opened the third and remaining letter. It was of a later date; and the writer was Lucy Oakley. It ran thus:—

"MY DEAR WILLY,—I am in great trouble—such great trouble that I don't know how to write; but I must. Poor Miles! poor boy! He has so angered his father, that he says he will never forgive him, never see him

again. There has been cause enough, for our poor boy has behaved very shamefully; I can not deny this, though he is my own son; and he has ended all by making a sad match—a runaway marriage, without our knowing it. I am ashamed to tell you who he has married; but you know the young person very well, and you will know who it is when I put you in mind of the last May-day you were at 'The Oaks,' and something that happened in the park. This has made my poor husband so angry—so justly angry. But then, you know how determined he is: and this makes him unjust when he thinks he is doing right.

"He has made a new will—my husband, I mean—he had the lawyer with him yesterday; and after he was gone, my husband showed me what he had done. He has not shut our poor boy out of the will quite: but he has left him only a hundred pounds a-year for as long as he lives; for he says that the children of 'that Nell' shall never come into his property.

"The whole of the property—all his estates, and everything except that hundred a-year, is left to you after his death and mine—he having no relatives in the world whom he cares for or knows, and because he owes you heavy compensation for injustice done to your father in old times. This is what my husband has put in his will, though he has never said as much before.

"But, dear Willy, I know your generous loving nature so well, that I am sure you will not wish to be enriched in this way; and what I ask you to do is to intercede with poor Miles's father on his behalf. I have done it on my knees almost, and he will not listen to me; but if you would only write to him—he will have had time then for consideration; and if you could only persuade him to seek out our poor boy and save him from going quite to ruin, I am sure it would make your heart richer, though it should make your worldly estate poorer. Do write, Willy, just such a letter as your kind, loving, forgiving heart will tell you to write.

"I cannot say any more, only that my poor dear is laid up with the gout very badly, and suffers, oh so much! And this makes him more angry with poor Miles.

I am, dear Willy,

Your afflicted friend,

LUCY OAKLEY.

"P.S. I forgot to say that our poor infatuated Miles is travelling about the country now (so I am told) with a set of play-actors. His wife is with him, and they both go upon the stage. Could you have dreamed such a thing, Willy? But it was partly our fault, sending the poor boy to that Saint Radigunds, where he got into company, and all sorts of mischief that we little thought of at the time."

#### CHAPTER LXI.—MAGNANIMOUS RESOLUTIONS AND PERPLEXING THOUGHTS.

THE next morning found Franklin at George Wilson's settlement.

"I am going to England," he said abruptly.

"To England? When? Why?" asked his friend.

"As to the when—by the first ship that sails. As to the why—read." And Franklin put Mrs. Oakley's letter into Wilson's hand. "I will go in and talk to Mrs. Wilson while you are reading," he added.

Half an hour afterwards he returned.

"You have read the letter, I see; do you ask now why I am going to England?"

"No; I think I understand: you trust more to the argument of the tongue than of the pen?"

"I do. I tried the pen once before, and failed. Now I will try the tongue."



"'Blessed are the peace-makers;' but suppose you should not succeed?"

"I shall be then but where I now am. But I shall succeed, I hope," said Franklin.

"I doubt it; your interference will only endanger your own interests without helping on your friend's."

"My interests! Do you suppose, then, that I should ever succeed to that property?"

"Why not? The will would be valid, I suppose. The estate is not entailed, of course, or such a will could not be made."

"Such a will would be valid in a court of law, I have no doubt; for Miles Oakley's property is unentailed, I know; but it would not pass in a court of conscience."

"In your own particular court of conscience you mean. And this is one of the things I like in you, Franklin; your heart is in the right place——"

"If my head is not, you would say," added Franklin.

"I did not say so, and do not think so; but we won't argue about that. Surely, however, there is no occasion for you to go to England to get that will cancelled. If the property should come to you at your old patron's death, you may do what you like with your own; and a deed of gift——"

"Ah, but you know where and by whom we are taught to pray, 'Lead us not into temptation.' I won't trust myself to such a contingency, if I can put it away from me. Besides, what would a voyage, or twenty voyages be, compared with the chance of bringing about a reconciliation between father and son, and so restoring happiness to my more than mother?"

"Well, I see you are determined, so I will say no more. But, pray, who is this damsel-errant who has made such a pretty kettle of fish at 'The Oaks,' as I think the old house at home is called? Some black-eyed gipsy, I suppose; a game-keeper's daughter, or what not?" said Mr. Wilson, unconscious of the sting his words inflicted, and which unconsciousness makes it plain that he had not been intrusted with the dear secret and great trouble of his young friend's history. Immediately he had uttered the words, however, he perceived that he had somehow made a blunder, and he hastened to apologize.

"Don't say another word," said Franklin, recovering himself; "some day you shall know all; but to pass now to another subject. I want your advice. I may be absent two or three years; what shall I do with my farm?"

"Keep it going, that's my advice; and as advice without help is cheap, I shall offer my help as well. Leave your affairs here in my hands, and I will be as faithful a steward as I can be."

"I am sure of that; and it is the very thing I wished to ask, but dared not. I accept your offer, therefore, as heartily as it is offered," said Franklin, gratefully.

"You embolden me to make another offer," resumed the friendly farmer. "You are well enough to do in colonial property; but you cannot carry it with you. You must borrow——"

"I have no occasion to borrow," interposed Franklin; and he showed his friend the letter he had received from the old lawyer.

That same day Franklin started off to Sydney, and, on arriving, found that a ship would leave the port for England within a fortnight. He took his passage accordingly, returned to the bush, arranged his affairs with Mr. Wilson, and then bade farewell to his friends and his home.

It was not until he was fairly on board, and fairly out at sea also, that Franklin gave himself time to consider

in all its bearings the intelligence which had wrought so great and sudden a change in his course, and to ask himself what he intended to do on reaching England. And the more he thought, the more he was perplexed. These were some of his thoughts.

His first thought was, that he had no anger remaining against his former friend for marrying Ellen Murray. Why should he be angry? But he was puzzled to account for the terms in which this marriage was mentioned in Mrs. Oakley's letter, and for the fierce resentment of the old squire which it had evoked. That Miles's parents wished for a more aristocratic alliance for their only son than that into which he had entered, Franklin very well knew; but he was not prepared to find that such an alliance would be considered by them as so disgraceful as to merit banishment from home and disinheritance. So far from this, he might reasonably have believed that love for Miles and parental interest in his happiness would have readily reconciled them to the disappointment of their own more ambitious hopes; especially he thought so when he remembered how the old squire himself had, in the opinion of some, contracted an inferior marriage, and had vindicated himself for so doing, as Franklin had heard; and more especially still he thought so, when he remembered what a favourite (and a deserved favourite, too, Franklin mentally added, with a gentle sigh)—what a favourite poor Ellen had ever been at "The Oaks."

Another thought which perplexed Franklin was not that Ellen should have been persuaded, under any circumstances, to accept Miles Oakley as her husband. He knew the strong maternal influence which would be brought to bear upon her to obtain her consent, and he was not inclined to charge that young lady with inconstancy and fickleness because she had chosen a new love when the old love was hopelessly lost. Ay, more than this; Franklin would, or thought he would, have forgiven her had she, dazzled by more brilliant prospects than his had ever been, when at the best, discarded him in favour of the heir of Oakley, had the heir of Oakley been worthy of her heart. But what perplexed him was that Ellen, whom he delighted to remember as one of the purest minded and simplest hearted, as well as the most lovely of her sex, should have secretly and clandestinely married one over whom, as he partly knew, and as the letters he had received confirmed, low and degrading vice had obtained a mastery. It was a mystery to poor Franklin, as well as a deep and abiding sorrow, that the name of Ellen Murray should be coupled with those ominous words, "a run-away match," and that she herself should thus be coupled with one who, in other respects, was unworthy of her.

And yet another thought plunged our hero into deep mental confusion, as well as dismay. That Ellen Murray, with all her womanly modesty, should, under any conceivable circumstances, be induced to adopt the stage as a profession, was to him a source of profound wonder; and that her parents, even if displeased with her (of which, however, no mention was made in Mrs. Oakley's letter), should permit their only and darling Ellen, supposing her to have submitted to the degradation, to descend so low as to be the associate of strolling players, and exposed to the terrible temptations, to say nothing of the inconveniences and discomforts, and probable privations of such a calling, was almost incredible.

Without enlarging on these and kindred topics, it is sufficient to say that William Franklin ended his voyage in as great perplexity and sorrow as he commenced it, but with an increasing determination in his soul to give himself no rest, to spare no exertions of body or of mind,

and to sacrifice the last shilling of his recently acquired inheritance, in the attempt to rescue his once-loved Ellen from the worst consequences of her imprudence, and in laying the foundation, at least, of a reconciliation between the old squire and his erring son.

### COLOUR IN THE COAL-SCUTTLE.

It appears to be one of the special privileges of the thinkers and workers of the nineteenth century to convert to the benefit of man, substances hitherto considered useless and even hurtful. The great Robert Boyle, the illustrious founder of the Royal Society, in an "Essay on Man's great Ignorance of the Uses of Natural Things," commences with the proposition, "that there are very few of the works of nature that have been sufficiently considered, and are thoroughly known." Had he lived until the present day, he would have found that what was true of the seventeenth century was still more true of the present age. Every day convinces us more and more, that a waste product simply means one whose properties "have not been sufficiently considered and not thoroughly known;" and perhaps no series of so-called waste products illustrates this fact more fully than those occurring in the manufacture of coal gas.

Coal, chemically considered, is now one of the most important of our minerals. Whether we look at the immense number of useful materials which by chemical treatment it is capable of yielding, or the vast amount of light it has thrown on obscure points of chemical science during the investigation of the properties of those products, it still remains the most valuable and interesting substance, both to the practical manufacturer and to the chemical philosopher, that has ever been bestowed on man.

During the conversion of coal into gas for illuminating purposes, four distinct substances are produced. First come the gaseous products, which, when purified form ordinary gas; secondly, certain watery products called gas liquors; thirdly, tar, which is a mixture of more or less volatile oils holding pitch in solution; and lastly, coke. For many years the gas and the coke were the only utilized products, the gas-liquors being used to pollute any unfortunate river that happened to be in the vicinity, and the tar being almost given away, to serve as a cheap paint for protecting rough iron and woodwork from the action of the weather. With the gas-liquor, which is now a highly valuable material, we must reluctantly part company, the tar being the product concerned in the transformation of coal into colour. Who would have dreamed, ten years ago, that the black, evil-smelling substance, that we hastily passed in the street, holding our breath the while, for fear of inhaling its loathsome vapour, would produce delicious scents, vying with the rose and violet in delicacy of odour, and colours that rival in brilliancy of hue the lovely tints of these queens of the garden? Yet so it is; and to the chemist it is a matter of but little surprise, for he knows that coal-tar is a very complex substance, composed of some hundreds of different compounds possessing the most distinct and opposite properties. The major portion of these we must pass unnoticed, and confine our attention to the crude coal oil obtained from the tar by steam distillation. This crude oil, by several processes of purification and re-distillation, ultimately yields two substances with which we have to deal—carbolic acid and benzol. With carbolic acid most of us are unhappily acquainted, having used it in the impure form of creosote for tooth-ache. Benzol we also know as "benzine collas." The

property it possesses of dissolving fats and oils, renders it available for the extraction of grease from our clothes; its great volatility causing it to leave no unpleasant smell behind, as in the case of turpentine and other grease solvents. Carbolic acid, when united with lime, forms one of the most powerful disinfectants known. Its antiseptic properties are no less valuable, the preservation of meat by the process of smoking being due to the small quantities of carbolic acid contained in wood smoke. By treatment with nitric acid it forms picric acid, a beautiful substance, crystallizing in light yellow plates, like sliced topazes. It is one of the most intensely bitter compounds known, and has been used by certain fraudulent brewers in the manufacture of bitter ales. It has also been employed in medicines as an antiperiodic in lieu of quinine; but, from its great affinity for animal matter, it dyed the skin of the patients a bright yellow, inflicting on them an artificial jaundice, somewhat difficult to get rid of. This intense affinity for animal substances has rendered it most valuable as a dye for silk and woollen fabrics. The lovely sulphur and canary yellow silks, which were so fashionable in our ball-rooms a few seasons back, owed their colour to this dye. They may be readily distinguished from other shades of yellow, by masticating a few shreds of the material, when, if dyed with picric acid, the bitter taste of that substance will soon render itself apparent. And here we may notice a peculiar fact, that nearly all the coal-tar colours show a great liking for animal substances, fixing themselves to silk and wool with great pertinacity, and manifesting little or no willingness to unite with vegetable fibres, such as cotton or flax, without the interposition of an animal or mineral mordant.

To be rendered available as a source of colour, benzol, the second and most important of the coal-tar products, undergoes a series of transformations. The first of these is its conversion into nitro-benzol. Benzol is readily attacked by fuming nitric acid, which unites with it, forming a liquid of a deep red colour. On the addition of water this liquid deposits a heavy yellow oil, which is nitro-benzol, or the artificial oil of bitter almonds of commerce. This curious oily liquid has the odour and flavour of bitter almonds, and differs from the natural oil in not being poisonous when used in small quantities. It is employed in confectionary, as a substitute for its vegetable prototype, which often contains sufficient prussic acid to render a dish of almond custard a very questionable aliment. Perfumers use it to scent cheap almond soap; but it has lately fallen somewhat into disuse, from the fact of the commercial quality retaining a certain tarry substance that is liable to leave an unpleasant odour on the hands. The second step towards colour is the formation of aniline from nitro-benzol, by the abstraction of certain proportions of oxygen, and the addition of hydrogen. The most unscientific of our readers knows that hydrogen has a great affinity for oxygen, seizing hold of it whenever an opportunity offers, and forming water. The method by which the desired transformation is performed is by the elimination of hydrogen from any substance in the presence of nitro-benzol. Acetic acid and iron filings are therefore mixed with nitro-benzol in a capacious retort, and heat is applied to the mixture. The nascent hydrogen immediately begins to act on the latter substance, one portion abstracting the oxygen, and the other uniting with the deoxidized nitro-benzol, which distils over in the form of aniline. Aniline forms, as it were, the foundation-stone of the aniline dyes, and as such deserves a little consideration. It is a colourless, limpid fluid, having an agreeable wine-like odour, and acrid burning taste.

It belongs to the class of bodies called artificial bases by chemists; that is to say, it is capable of forming salts with the different acids. Thus we have the sulphate, nitrate, and acetate of aniline, corresponding to the sulphates, nitrates, and acetates of potash, soda, iron, silver, etc. It was discovered some forty years ago amongst the products of the decomposition of indigo, and later in very small quantities in coal-tar oil. It is, chemically speaking, a very interesting body, and the researches into its properties have done more for the advancement of chemical science than almost any others with which we are acquainted. A few years ago half a pound of it was thought to be a marvellously large specimen; but, since the discovery of the aniline dyes, it is manufactured by the ton, at a few shillings a pound. The various reactions of aniline with different chemical substances always induced chemists to think that it might some day yield a valuable dye; but its scientific peculiarities were always so interesting, that they led the theoretical philosopher away from its possible economic value. It was not until Mr. W. H. Perkin, a pupil of Dr. Hofmann's, had experimented upon it with a view to the formation of artificial quinine, that any great step was taken. For this purpose he endeavoured to oxidize the sulphate of aniline with a certain oxidizing salt, bichromate of potash, but instead of obtaining the desired result, the mixture only produced a dirty black precipitate. A true chemist is, however, never discouraged, no matter how he may be deceived in his expectations. Instead of losing his temper and throwing the dirty black mess down the sink, Mr. Perkin set to work to investigate its properties, and, in doing so, found it to contain a magnificent dyeing material, capable of giving to silk and wool the beautiful colour popularly called "mauve," from a French word signifying "mallow," the tint of whose petals this dye closely resembles. The process for obtaining it is simple. Sulphate of aniline is first made by mixing certain proportions of aniline and sulphuric acid. Equal portions of the solutions of sulphate of aniline and bichromate of potash are then mixed, and allowed to stand until the whole of the black precipitate is thrown down. The precipitate is washed, dried, and digested in coal-tar naphtha, until the whole of the resinous portion is dissolved out. The remainder is dried, and digested in spirits of wine, which dissolves the dye, leaving behind a mass of carbonic residue that may be used for printing ink. The alcoholic solution contains the dye, and may be evaporated until the colouring matter remains behind as a dark bronze paste, with purple and green reflections.

Mr. Perkin's discovery immediately put experimental chemists on the alert to torture the different compounds of aniline with other oxidizing agents, and the Patent Office was besieged by would-be patentees of processes for the conversion of aniline into all the colours of the rainbow. Many of these were worthless, and others were infringements of Mr. Perkin's patent. The only ones which have lasted are those for the production of magenta red, by the action of arsenic acid and other gently oxidizing agents on aniline. This process, which is carried out on an enormous scale by Messrs. Simpson, Maule, and Nicholson, consists in treating aniline with certain proportions of arsenic acid. The red dye formed, which is known to the public by the name of "magenta," has been thoroughly investigated by Dr. Hofmann, who finds it to be a true base, like soda, iron, or aniline, and capable of forming salts of a very magnificent description.

Those of our readers who visited the International Exhibition will recollect the splendid crowns formed of the acetate of rosaniline, in the chemical department of

the eastern annexe. These gorgeous objects consisted of wire frameworks covered with aggregations of pyramidal crystals, which reflected the splendid golden green metallic lustre seen in the wings of rosebeetles. The base itself, when not united to any acid, is singularly enough, perfectly colourless. It forms salts with most of the acids, which give crystals almost as magnificent as the acetate. From it may be formed, by a process not yet made public, another base named chrysaniline, (from *chrysolos*, Gr. gold,) which affords a very magnificent golden yellow dye.

By using bichloride of tin with aniline, a splendid blue is obtained; by substituting chlorate of potash, emerald green is formed; and we should only puzzle and weary our readers if we were to describe the vast number of processes for manufacturing every conceivable colour from this wonderful substance aniline.

There are other coal-tar products besides aniline, which have been transformed into colour in the laboratory, but the results they have yielded are either fugitive or incomparable in brilliancy to those obtained from aniline. Besides which, as nearly every colour is now obtained from this source, it would be useless to seek for novel modes of manufacture from new and less available materials.

The coal-tar dyes are all easy of application, and their colorific properties are very powerful, a mere atom dissolved in water or alcohol being sufficient to dye several pounds of silk or wool. They have not as yet been satisfactorily applied to dyeing cotton and linen, although, by the use of certain mordants they have been printed on muslins and calicoes in a very permanent manner. Their permanence on animal fibres received a most convincing test at the International Exhibition. In Mr. Perkin's case hung several specimens of silk and wool, which remained exposed to the fiercest rays of the sun for more than six months. Before removing them, it was naturally expected that the side turned to the light would have faded; but on examination, the sharpest eyes could detect no difference between the sheltered and exposed portions of the fabrics.

To turn from science to commerce, let us look at the trade value of these dyes to England. Hitherto, our principle dye-stuffs have been imported. We have obtained madder from Holland and France, indigo from India, cochineal from South America, lichens, turmeric, and annatto from other countries; but now we may reverse all this. In one of the most plentiful of our waste products we find the source of the three primary colours, by the admixture of which we may obtain almost any desired tint. We may therefore, without assuming the character of prophets, safely predict that in a few years England will be the principal colour-exporting nation of the world. Coal will thus add one more element to England's greatness, in addition to those already proceeding from our underground treasures.

While we are on the subject of colour, let us say a parting word to our female friends, on the prevailing mania for scarlet. There is hardly a garment worn by ladies that is not made of scarlet material. Regent Street at three o'clock is red hot. The attention of the man of musical tastes, at a fashionable concert, is distracted and nullified by the ruddy blaze around him, and he feels a relief almost akin to ecstasy when some lady with finer tastes than her sisters passes him clothed in cool mauve. Even in our churches and homes are our eyeballs seared with this blazing colour. Scarlet, we allow, is a magnificent colour; but abuse it, and the eye becomes distressed. It is like using too much condiment in place of wholesome food. Spring has come, and nature is bursting out



with her glorious greens, violets, blues, and greys, but with very little scarlet. True, summer, with his gorgeous tints, uses this colour; but sparingly. A touch here and there in the golden corn—a speck or two amongst the purple clover—a broken mass of dots, relieved and kept down by the bright green of the cherry trees, are examples of the sparing way in which nature uses scarlet. Let our ladies, then, follow nature, and give up the abuse of this brazen, bull-baiting colour. The chemist has given them mauve, magenta, azuline, emeraldine, and a hundred other delicate colours with names as pretty as their hues. Let them use them with taste and judgment, and Regent Street will once more be a flower-bed—the concert-room a rainbow.

### THE REGULAR SWISS ROUND.

VII.—THUN TO THE GEMMI.

WHEN the storm had died away, the hens stepped carefully out, and the sun began to shine; we took a stroll about the gardens, enjoying the fresh smell of the earth. We were at the Hôtel Bellevue, which is outside the town, and stands like a private house in grounds of its own. From some parts of these there are very beautiful views both of the lake and town. In fine weather the scenery of the former is backed by the snows of the Jung Frau, and other of the Bernese Alps. It is very curious to see how fresh beauties open out, after cloudy weather, from places such as this. The lake itself, and lesser mountains by its side, are in themselves enough to constitute a charming view—none the less so because of clouds, which generally add much to the landscape. But when they rise, another horizon discovers itself. Fresh ranges of peaks, covered with snow, shifting their colours as the sun travels from east to west, change the whole character of the scenery. Thus, those who have visited this country in dull weather have had many beautiful views, but have not seen Switzerland. White mountains beyond dark, showing clean and sharp-edged against the sky, are, perhaps, the specialities of this glorious land.

The town of Thun is very striking, being “dominated,” as our French neighbours say, by an old picturesque castle and church. There are no “sights” to cry for inspection, but the streets are quaint and pleasant enough to stroll through. The Aar, our old friend whom we saw take the leap at Handek, here escapes from the lake, no longer whitened like a glacier stream, but with a full swift current of the clearest blue. I wonder what a river thinks of its passage through a lake. To my mind it must be like going out a great deal into mixed society, where you meet with fine rooms and a chilly reception, while the gathering of the scattered waters into a definite and familiar channel again, resembles the return to one’s own quiet room, old coat, and slippers. I only wish that all “swells of the first water” came out of company as fresh and clean as the Aar. How many pick up the mud they meet with, instead of dropping that which marked them in their earlier course!

I know of no better place than Thun for a centre of short expeditions in Switzerland. It is accessible by steam from London Bridge. It communicates with Zurich and Lucerne by rail. It is within a day’s reach of the Bernese Oberland, the tourist being able to leave Thun in the morning, and cross the Wengern Alps that day. Again, if he wishes to visit the neighbourhood of Zermatt, he is close to the Gemmi and the Valley of the Rhone, from which latter district, reached in twelve or fourteen hours from the Hôtel Bellevue, he may, if he

pleases, go by Visp to Zermatt, or soon find his way by the Tête Noir to Chamouni. There is also the easy route to Vevey and Geneva, by the Simmenthal. If he wishes to plague himself with the echo of home business, he may safely depend upon letters reaching him, and receive his “Times,” or Share List, every day. The transmission of letters in some parts of Switzerland is very slow. I remember, during our tour, posting one, which accompanied us for three days, the mail cart being necessarily on two legs, and not getting on faster than we did ourselves. I am not sure whether it is not best to give up all thoughts of letters when you travel in a rough district. Don’t think about them, and when you come home you will find that at least one half of the heap awaiting you have answered themselves. We often labour to produce toil, and fret to multiply care. If you are fortunate enough to get a whole holiday, take it, and be thankful; don’t stir the cream of your enjoyment by compelling yourself to run to the post office directly you enter a town. Learn that even your own small world can rub on tolerably well without your advice and supervision. Many things would get themselves done better than you could do them, if you would sometimes let them alone. Have a little more human faith, and be the happier for its exercise.

We found our luggage at Thun, and rested on the morrow, being Sunday. There is an English chapel in the grounds of the hotel, where service was held twice. We had a thin sermon and a large congregation. The chapel was built by our landlord, for the convenience of his guests and profit of himself—many people making a point of spending the Sunday in Thun, because of the certainty of divine service being decently conducted there. Where public worship is held, as I have seen it, in a large room at a hotel, lined with looking-glasses and smacking of a Saturday night entertainment, there arises a strange mixture of inappropriate sensations. Wandering eyes may see themselves kneeling in plate-glass mirrors with gilt frames. Now, the little chapel at Thun is quiet and devotional.

On Monday we went to Berne by rail. This is the seat of government. Switzerland, though, as we all know, a republic, has been by no means so united a country as might be supposed. Perhaps, however, no form of government is so exposed to civil brawls as that in which several corporations affect equal power, and are under no prompt jurisdiction. Certain it is that the Swiss have had many contests among themselves, quite as bitter as might have been expected between enemies who differ in language and religion. The twenty-two cantons of which Switzerland is now composed were first united in 1814. But a few years previously to that, this cradle of continental liberty was the scene of great oppression, the power being in the hands of a few reigning families and influential cantons. Even the brave mountaineers of Uri and Unterwalden, who had bled for their freedom, no sooner got it than they tyrannized sharply over their own dependents. Give any one sudden and great power, and he will, very probably, abuse it. The liberal reformer, in office becomes a strict conservative. The slave who is freed, will trample on his late master if he can. When you let a plummet go, it will swing as far from the true straight line as it was when in your hand, in the opposite direction. But we are getting away from Switzerland and its government. Let it suffice to mention two or three more of its characteristics. The suffrage is universal. There is no regular army; but every man is a rifle volunteer: and the people are liable to be called out to serve in the militia, which is a tiresome interruption to business. There are no



HIGH STREET, BERNE.

passports, no custom-houses, no tolls to speak of. The inns and roads are good, and the electric telegraph is established all over the country, ordinary messages costing a franc. The coinage is the best in Europe, pence and halfpence being clean and very light; a decimal system was adopted in 1850. The change must have been very great in Switzerland, for almost every canton had a currency of its own. Still, in six months after the new system was introduced, almost all trace of the old complicated denominations was gone. Let us hope that such a fact as this will have due weight in discussing the establishment of a decimal coinage in England.

There used to be Swiss national costumes; I say, used, for they are fast disappearing. The greatest distinction is now seen in the caps of the women, which in some places are wonderful wisps. Men have no local dress, but wear either undyed home-spun woollen clothes, very clumsily made, or suits of coarse blue frieze. In all cases their coats are short in the waist, and high in the collar. You see in the shop windows, cards of the different costumes; but unless they are worn on special holidays, they are invisible. In fact, they are disappear-

ing, which is a great pity; for a picturesque national dress is far more becoming than a tawdry imitation of expensive clothes. Cheap finery is not only vulgar, but sure to be personally unbecoming.

The manners of the Swiss differ much; the knowing Murray remarks, that "the German portion are often sullen, obstinate, and disagreeable." The ogre was a German. We had afterwards a guide from a French canton, who was lively and civil. The poor people have been described as beggars. Some tourists may have found much mendicancy; but I can only speak of what I know: we were not pestered at all.

I shall never get to Berne at this rate; but I thought, on approaching the metropolis, I should find no better opportunity for a few remarks of general interest.

Berne is situated on our old friend the Aar, which nearly surrounds it. The town is approached by a stone bridge 900 feet long, across both the river and the valley in which it flows. It is solid and well built, with arcades along the streets, under which the principal shops are found, and contains 27,000 inhabitants.

Happily there are few sights in the place. We didn't



feel much inclined to visit the Museum, "containing one of the best collections of the natural productions of Switzerland;" for we were seeing the country itself. I suppose, however, there must have been a good deal of hay, granite, and snow exhibited, with a few cases of cheese, some deal planks, mutton, and grasshoppers.

The Minster is a fine building outside. There are several charitable institutions, and a tremendous prison.

The three sights we were taken to see were, the Bears, the Clock, and the distant Bernese Alps, which show beautifully from the high land about the town. The Bear is the crest of Berne, and appears everywhere, in stone, in wood, and in the flesh. There is a pit in the town, where three or four mangy brutes shuffle about, and open their mouths to the public for buns and nuts, quite unconscious of their heraldic distinction. One year an Englishman fell into their place and was killed by them. The unlikeliest death one would expect, is that by wild beasts, in the middle of a European town. But so it was; he tumbled in, somehow, and the bears killed him before he could be got out. Horrible! to be squeezed in the clutches of a beast one has read about in books of savage travel, within sight of your inn and a cabstand.

The clock tower is in the middle of the town, and a parcel of idlers generally stop to see its puppets strike the hour, especially at noon. Just before the stroke, a procession of bears comes out of a hole, and moves in front of a wooden king on a throne, who marks the hour of the day by gaping and lowering his sceptre as if he were rather bored with time himself, but graciously permitted it to pass, on the understanding that it would make itself useful to common people. Then, like a wise king, he shuts his mouth, and looks straight before him till he is wanted again.

We went up to the Enghe terrace, outside of the town, to see the Alps; at least a dozen are visible from this place, sometimes at sunset, of a glowing rose-colour. Here we hoped to look back upon the Oberland, or Highlands in which we had just spent so pleasantly the last ten days; but there was nothing to be seen of them. An envious cloud curtain had fallen, shutting the distant view completely out; so we ate our luncheon philosophically at a table under the trees, and went back again.

The next day, having returned to Thun, we set off on the tramp once more—the luggage being sent to Geneva.

As the first fifteen or sixteen miles of our route lay along a dusty road, we rode in a small one-horse chaise, driven by the ugliest little old man you ever saw, with one eye. He carried on his shoulder (I cannot say neck, for he had none) an exaggerated caricature of one of those india-rubber faces you buy in toy-shops. His, without pulling or pinching, went on all day, grimacing of its own accord. The beauty of it was, he chuckled in the consciousness of his own ugliness, and never looked more gratified than when he found (for we discovered that he understood a little English) it was the subject of our conversation as well as regard.

The goblin drove us to Kandersteg, at the foot of the Gemmi Pass. Having got rid of the ogre at Interlachen, we were obliged to hire another guide. Some time before we reached the place, while the carriage was creeping slowly up-hill, a short bilious-looking fellow joined us, and begged hard for work. The village, he said, was "penible" in the winter, and he always expected to make a little money in the summer months by carrying knapsacks over the Gemmi. So we engaged him, with directions to be ready to start the next morning, and drove to the Hôtel de l'Ours (bears still), the little inn at the foot of the Pass.

Here we found most excellent mutton and trout, served by an obliging landlord. But the rain, which had left us at Thun, came back, and a dense fog hid the mountain over which we wished to pass. So the next morning, though our guide was hovering about the door lest we should start betimes, in spite of the wet, we staid at the inn, and compared notes with an English family which was weather-bound as well as ourselves. J. had a "Tennyson" with him (it is a great mistake, by the way, to cumber yourself with books, which are always heavy), and now atoned for his own pain in lugging it about, by lending it to some young ladies. The day wore on. We took little excursions from the door, always persuading ourselves, against conviction, that the clouds were breaking; though at last we began to think we were, as sometimes happens with tourists in the hills, fairly shut up. It was entertaining, no doubt, to watch the jerky zigzag course of fat rain-drops down the window-panes; but at last we determined to see what could be done, and set our faces toward the mountain, beginning to climb almost from the inn door.



THE CATHEDRAL AND PLATFORM AT BERNE.

Our guide's professions were justified; for he made nothing of a pack which looked half as big as himself, breasting the hill as lightly as if empty handboxes alone had been bound upon his back. Ajax (so we called him) wore a dust-coloured suit of dittoes, like a convict, and a pale face, which belied his wonderful strength.

When we had ascended for about half an hour, through a pine forest, a snow storm came on, and we stopped under a tree for debate and shelter.

We put it to the vote. Should we return? The division decided, no. So, turning our faces upwards, we

walked on through the falling snow, up to the clouds from which it fell—through it—into fine weather above. The Gemmi is not very remarkable on the side up which we ascended it. Its wonders show themselves in the descent into the valley of the Rhone.

When we got to the top, we found a considerable space of tableland, broken with large stones and points of rock, which crop up among the short brown grass. Threading our way through these, but seeing nothing of the scenery on either side of the Pass, we came to a solitary little inn, with no more pretensions than a labourer's cottage, overlooking a dark sullen pool. Beyond this, at an elevation of some 8000 feet above the sea, there is a lake full of trout.

The snow began to fall again as we entered the inn. Our landlord, who was one of the merriest fellows we ever met, gave us a graphic account of the place during the winter; for months and months the snow blocked up his doors and windows; "but," says he, "I have my family with me, and am content."

In the dog-days, while harvest is going on in the world beneath, and fruits ripen, and children play in the shade upon the grass beneath the trees, this spot remains a scene of desolation; there were, however, two or three chubby little brats about the house, who romped before the door with as much interest as if their father lived in Paradise. Well for us all, when we can thus become like them, and find equal pleasure in any place which is a home. The urchins of St. Giles's, provided they are not starved or houseless, get, I will venture to say, as much happiness out of this life as the young lords and ladies in the nurseries of Grosvenor Square. Stand behind "Punch," and see a row of them sitting on the kerb-stone, and taking an undiminished interest in the reiterated drama; look at the bank of little faces, wrinkled with fun. Why! an honest poor man's child is just as happy as a prince; ay more: he is more at his ease, when I come to think about it. Has he no marbles, peg-tops, battledore?—wooden, to be sure, and not so elastic as it might be, but effective. And as for riding in a carriage, isn't a box with wheels three inches in diameter a far more independent and manageable vehicle? Can't you tumble out of it with safety, and quite enjoy a complete upset? Don't tell me of the privations of honest labourer's or artisan's child, with bread-and-butter in the cupboard, and a good game of play after school. Even our little Swiss up there, in the long winter, among the snows and peaks, laughed and tumbled about as if the stones were haycocks, and the hard cold ground a soft lawn of grass.

#### MEN I HAVE KNOWN.

THE REV. T. FROGNALL DIBDIN, D.D.

JOHN KER, Duke of Roxburghe, "the Book Duke," as he was called, was a very noble personage. He combined dignity and ease of manner in a degree more frequently talked of than witnessed, and was at once the man of high rank and the familiar companion. Well, if he could not learn this from books, perhaps he might get some of it from his pursuit of books, for such was his favourite hobby. He was among the earliest of those who sought to enrich their libraries by the personal exploration of old book-shops and stalls; and his success was commensurate with his diligence: he formed a library of great extent and curiosity. Other noblemen and gentlemen followed in his train, and the quest for scarce publications became a fashion.

It was into this arena that Dr. Dibdin threw himself

in the hey-day prime of life. Intended for the bar, his addiction to literature weaned him from the strife of the forum, and he had wandered into the Church, possibly with no higher motive than the hope of there finding quiet leisure for his favourite pursuits. The "bibliomania," or rage for book-collecting, may be said to have become more openly manifested with the beginning of this century, when Dibdin was fresh from college, and twenty-five years of age; and he soon displayed his zeal in the movement as an ardent partisan, if I might not truly describe him during the ensuing forty years as a very Master of the Ceremonies. In the foundation of the Roxburghe Club, 1812, he was the most active and conspicuous leader, and he had clearly shown his title to the place by the publication of his "Bibliomania" three years before.

The novelty of the matter created what we are now pleased to call a sensation; and the self-application of the term mania pretty accurately described the symptoms of the case and the influence of its contagion. Many people cannot resist anything new, especially if propagated by means of a strange and unaccustomed jargon. Instead of valuing books for the intelligence their authors had committed to them, book-collectors were taught that the sense they contained had nothing at all to do with their market cost, but that, to be uncultured, and consequently unread; to be an "editio princeps," and therefore without later corrections or improvements; to be "ymprynted" by William Caxton or Wynkyn de Worde; to be rare, and, in addition to their rarity to be remarkable for some notable mistake or error; or, above all, to be unique, were the grand recommendations. Old volumes were valued at prices so enormous, that an odd tattered copy of a publication not originally worth sixpence, would bring a sum of money sufficient for the purchase of a good library.

I do not mean to say that this mania has not led the way to several beneficial results. Out of evil good is frequently evolved, and so out of even extreme folly lessons of wisdom may be elicited. Much valuable literary research sprang out of the retrospective rage, and the establishment of the Roxburghe Club formed a precedent for others, which have skilfully and laboriously brought to light many treasures of ancient literature and art that might, probably, never have been revived but for their pains-taking and exertions. Thus the country enjoys, and at moderate rates, the issues of the Hackluyt, Surtees, Camden, Shakspeare, Percy, Bannatyne, Maitland, and other similar associations, from all of which very interesting works have proceeded. Something also has arisen from this division of labour, not only as regards the separate classes of knowledge to which each of these devotes its attention, but in exciting a similar spirit in individuals who have (though joining in the whole design) taken up some favourite branch, as it were, for home culture. One has historical doubts to interpret, another costume and manners, a third legendary lore, a fourth ballad illustration of certain historical epochs, a fifth witchcraft, a sixth the sciences, a seventh divinity, and so on throughout the entire range, greatly to the recreation and edification of mankind; and we may candidly trace much of this impulse to learned research to a fierce struggle between two noblemen in an auction mart, for Boccaccio's "Decameron," and the prize being carried off in exchange for a loose hundred or two over two thousand pounds sterling money!

In this element the Rev. Frognall Dibdin revelled. Earl Spencer, who was *nulli secundus* in the book-hunting race, became his warm patron and friend;

and he devoted himself enthusiastically to extend and elucidate the new movement in the peaceful realm of literature. His "Bibliotheca Spenceriana," in four volumes, was a well-rewarded work, and the "Ædes Althorpeana," in two bulky quartos, no less remunerative. But by this time (1822) he had acquired a good many years of experience in the leadership of the *dilettanti* book-seeking circle, for it was eleven years since he had proclaimed his bibliomaniac office in the volume in which he exhibited Heber, Boswell, Kemble, Freeling, Southey, Douce, Scott, and many more, under fantastic names, as infected with the virus, in a rhodomontade style, which, however, took vastly, and reached a new edition, with a key, thirty years afterwards.

In short, the book-madness, like fashions in dress, was carried beyond the verge of the ridiculous, and in it Dibdin was the Beau Brummell of the folly. Yet, as I have already remarked, as out of evil there sometimes comes good, so out of foolery there sometimes comes wisdom. Old and valuable authors, long neglected or forgotten, were resuscitated in the search for curiosities, and though the wild passion for the odd, the rare, and the unique, was carried to great excess, we must allow that a considerable revival of sterling literature was among the incidental results of an inundation of zeal, which has not yet wholly subsided if we may judge by the extraordinary prices still given for imperfect volumes and torn bits of scraps and leaves, at every sale of libraries or collections brought to the hammer of the auctioneer.

To desire something which nobody else has, seems to be one of the unphilosophical freaks of human nature. It may be of inherent or of no worth. It may be a flower or a butterfly, a jewel or a coin, or a book or a signature, of which none but itself can be its parallel; and who so proud and boastful as the wonderful possessor of this absolute wonder? I knew a man who concentrated all the admiration the world permitted to converge into his focus, by exhibiting a common goose pen which tradition affirmed to have been used by Miss Milton in writing "Paradise Lost" to her blind father's dictation.

In Dibdin's writings and conversation there was a substratum of knowledge and sound sense, but often annoyingly bespattered with a novel sort of slang which vexed the dull ear and perplexed the understanding. One wanted a dictionary, or rather, a bibliographical vocabulary or grammar, to run along with the rectos, colophons, "saucy margins," "tall folios," "toolings" (alias, binding work), "the uncut or almost uncut," the "creamy papyrus," and much more similar phraseology; the great aggravation of which was, that it was poured out in perfect rhapsodies, as if the maniac were in a state of ecstasy; and this, too, on perhaps a perfect copy of a book not worth twopence for its contents, or an old clasp, or an insignificant misprint, or some odd-looking ornaments, or some quaint fashion in the boards. The hyperbole was hardly outrageous enough to be offensive, but it was also too absurd to excite laughter. A French critic, in noticing one of the Doctor's luxurious and costly publications, and having heard all his learned disquisitions on its mere exterior, observed that the "Tour" would have been a capital volume if there had been no letterpress. But enough of these general remarks on the "bibliomania" of an earlier period of this century, which will form a curious chapter among the Curiosities of Literature. I would not have dwelt on the subject, but that Dr. Dibdin long outlived the prevalence of the symptoms of the insane riot, to become one of the most rational and pleasant of social companions.

By some of his brethren of "the republic of letters," Dibdin was charged with tuft-hunting. He adhered the closer to his noble and wealthy friends, nor had he any ground to feel sore at the imputation. He was literary from his cradle, and literature has as high a title as nobility—a higher rank and station than sordid riches. The discriminating peer courts the scholar and well-informed gentleman, and the latter need not servilely show more deference to him than is due to his station and character; it is an honourable specialty, and well does the familiar contract become both sides, without the sacrifice of self-respect in the one, or infraction of dignity in the other.

Though books were not so very cheap in those days as they are now, yet the Doctor was also virulently assailed on account of his ten or twenty guinea volumes. He was accused of being an adept in book-making; of trading in bibliography; of trafficking with his costly baubles on the continent, for rare and valuable tomes in foreign lands (to a knowledge of which he published a very instructive introduction); and, in short, of making a fortune by bibliomaniac quackery. That fortune he never made. He declared that his object was chiefly fame, and was, in truth, such an enthusiast that I, for one, reposed full faith in the assertion. His life was far too bustling and too giddy to leave leisure for money-getting schemes, had he been a plotter, but no one ever whispered that Dr. Dibdin was dishonest enough to enter upon such practices. He was quite aware of the haste and inaccuracy which marked the most of his works—as the "Tours," the "Decameron;" but, like Dr. Syntax in search of the picturesque, considered the antiquarian and learned blots to be mere specks on the surface of the immense stock of information which he laid before the public. And in this belief he was perfectly justified. A thorough digest of his works would be a treasure in our more flimsy period; and as for the errata, they hardly detract from the real importance of his labours.

In 1836, his "Reminiscences of a Literary Life" catalogued a vast amount and variety of research and application, however extravagant in its style. On "Ames' Antiquities"—in satire, even on the aspirants for book-wisdom—in local history, Cheltenham, for example—in journeys abroad and at home—in library explorations, selections, arrangements, and catalogues—in guides for the young and less educated to similar pursuits—in poems and in sermons, he had spent his busy, busy time for more than thirty years; and he continued busy for eight years more, as the production of large works, but diminishing in popularity, rather grievously demonstrated. His "Northern Tour," in 1838, had but moderate encouragement; and I remember, five years later, his bitter complaint of "the trade," so considerably benefited, as he alleged, by his preceding publications, refusing "to subscribe for a single copy." I fancy that fifty copies subscribed for sufficed to clear the expenses; but, as I have stated, Dr. Dibdin did not enrich himself by his literary speculations.

On the death of Mr. Heber he took a prominent part in the description and disposal of his extraordinary library, with which I may say the extreme manifestations of the bibliomania were extinguished; though it appears to have somewhat revived with the increase of wealth among certain classes at the present day. True, there is no such enthusiast now as was the rector of St. Mary's, Bryanstone Square; but where the test of rarity supplies the criterion of discrimination, the market for these, as for all other luxuries, genuine or artificial, will be amply supported by the affluent, who are continually "rising in the world," and adding mil-



lionaïre fortunes of merchant and manufacturer to the elder stock of lords and squires. It were well if the same spirit were extended to the encouragement of solid and worthy literature, as of what is "fast" and light.

But to conclude my sketch of Dr. Frognall Dibdin; let me bestow a touch upon the individual, apart from the mania which he led and the companionship he affected—many of his nearest associates being among the best men of their day. His good temper defied malice to ruffle it. He was charitable towards all mankind. His manners were pleasant and gentleman-like. His conversation was agreeable; his fund of anecdote inexhaustible. Of his character as a clergyman it is out of my province to speak; yet it is impossible to believe that the inordinate pursuit of the objects to which he devoted his life could be compatible with a faithful attention to the sacred duties of the ministry. At length the seething brain forgot its functions. A long paralysis prefaced his death, at the age of seventy-two.

### CORKS.

OF all the various productions of nature which man appropriates to his own use and convenience, there is hardly one which requires less labour at his hands to fit it for the services it has to perform, than cork—the bark of the *Quercus suber*, or cork-tree. The utility of cork for many purposes was known to the ancients. Pliny tells us that the fishermen of his time made floats of cork, which they attached to the upper edge of their nets to prevent their sinking in the water. Cork was also used by the Romans, in the construction of buoys for rivers and estuaries; and the Roman sandal-makers also used it for soles, and sometimes applied it in considerable thickness, in order to increase the apparent stature of their lady-customers who wished to be thought taller than they really were. The use of corks as stoppers for bottles, jars, barrels, etc., evident as is its fitness for such a purpose, was not general in ancient times: its adaptation for such a service is noticed both by Pliny and Horace; but the convivial customs of their day had no connection with the bottle—there were no bottles which accorded with the modern idea of bottles, at that period—no dozens of Falernian, or choice Lesbian, to be liberated from their narrow prisons by the corkscrew. Their best wines were kept in casks, and, that they might keep good, they were boiled before barrelling, and the casks were stopp'd with pitch, clay, melted resin, or potters' earth. On festal occasions the quantity necessary for the entertainment was drawn off into other vessels, and the guests filled their beakers, with "beaded bubbles winking at the brim," from the two-handled amphoræ, or from big-bell'd bottles of leather or earthenware. It was not until the manufacture of glass wares had become general, that the practice arose of storing wines in small bottles of a size convenient for daily use; this was in the fourteenth century, and then, and not before, the value of cork as a stopper for bottles became generally felt and acknowledged.

The cork-tree is one of the many kinds of oak, and grows plentifully in the south of France, in some parts of Italy, in Spain, and probably in greatest perfection in Portugal, to which last-named country we are indebted for the major portion of our supply. The cork-trees of Portugal are described as the kings of the forest; they resemble the British oak in the form and arrangement of their branches, though these are said to be more graceful and to bear foliage of a brighter green. The bark is of immense thickness, is exceedingly rugged, and

is of a tawny colour mixed with grey, and is frequently found covered up in a growth of grey moss. Whole forests of these fine trees have been converted into parks for the sovereign and nobility, and there are individual trees which are sacred through historical associations, and regarded with veneration by the inhabitants.

The wood of the cork-tree is comparatively of small value for constructive purposes, as it is liable to rapid decay from rot, and further, contains an acid which speedily destroys the nails driven into it; it forms, however, excellent fuel, and in southern Europe is much used for that purpose. But the value of the bark fully compensates for the inferior quality of the wood; the bark may, in fact, be regarded as the fruit of the tree—although, like other oaks, it bears acorns, upon which the swine feed greedily. If the tree be left untouched, it will in a certain number of years throw off its bark, after it has grown to a prodigious thickness, and begin to clothe itself with a new one. Bark, however, which is thus cast off, is very indifferent cork, not of much commercial value; and therefore in practice the tree is not allowed to have its own way, but is mechanically stripped of its bark at periodical seasons, when the material is in its most valuable condition. This bark-stripping commences when the tree is about twenty-five years old, and may be repeated for more than a dozen times at intervals of ten years each; so that it is not until after the lapse of a century from the first stripping that the bark becomes worthless. The finest and most valuable cork is that taken from young trees—the bark deteriorating greatly in quality after five or six crops have been gathered. The best cork is known by its pliancy, its elasticity, the absence of visible pores, and its depth of colour, that which is pale or white being little worth.

The stripping of the bark is not done at a single process; if it were so done the tree would be injured, and perhaps destroyed. A circular incision is first made quite through the thickness of the bark at the foot of the trunk, near the ground; a similar circular incision is then made at the top of the trunk, near the springing of the branches; these deep cuts are followed by others made longitudinally from top to bottom, which divide the bark into broad planks or sheets. The tree is now left for some time, and as the cuts have stopped the circulation of the sap in the bark, it begins to dry, and as it dries it curls outward, and after a certain interval of time is easily removed by the hand.

The bark, being thus gathered, is prepared for the market in two ways. By the first method the planks, or, as they are called, tables of cork, are heaped one upon another, their concave sides undermost, in deep trenches dug in the earth, and, being plentifully moistened, are pressed beneath ponderous stones piled upon them, until they are thoroughly flattened out. They are then dried carefully over a fire, being frequently turned during the drying, to prevent their return to the natural shape. By the second method the damp pressure in the pits is dispensed with, the several planks being laid with their convex sides towards the fire, and suffered to remain until they have become flat, by which time they are considerably charred by the heat; they are then turned and fixed for a shorter time, until the other side is also charred, though in a less degree. The men who manage the burning are adepts in concealing any flaws or defects in the material, and spare no dishonest artifices in covering up blemishes from view; they stop holes by mixtures of clay, soot, and water, and will give the semblance of a sound sheet to a rotten one, by charring and scraping its surfaces. The burning is indispensable to the material, which otherwise would absorb moisture;

but the action of the fire closes the pores of the cork, thus rendering it impervious to fluids; too much burning destroys its elasticity, and if it be not sufficiently burned it will not be firm enough for the operations of the cork-cutter. When all the firing and drying is done, the several masses undergo a rough cleansing process, and are then built up into large stacks, to await the arrival of the merchants and dealers, who buy cork for exportation.

The English cork-cutter, on receiving his material from the merchant, generally finds it necessary to do over again much that was assumed to be done by the Portuguese grower. Thus he flattens the several sheets by renewed firing and pressure, and sometimes has to prepare them entirely anew, because they are too raw and green to be cut with a knife. The cork being rendered fit for working, is first cut into long strips, or slips, and these slips then into smaller pieces of different but definite sizes, each size intended to form a cork or bung, adapted to a special purpose. The only tool employed in cutting corks by hand is a sharp knife, about six inches long and three in width. The cork-cutter sits at a table or bench, with a small board before him, in one part of which rises a little wooden pillar in a line with his left hand. On this pillar he lays the cork, and steadies his left hand, while with his right hand he makes a circular cut, defining about half the cork—the elevation of the pillar allowing him to do so, without striking his knife against the table. The piece is then turned in the left hand, and another half-circular cut completes the cork, with the exception of reducing it to the right length, which is done by a touch of the knife at one end. Two things are essential in a good cork, independent of the goodness of the material: one is, that it should be perfectly circular in girth, and the other is, that it should be of greater diameter at one end than at the other. Now the first of these qualities is almost impossible to be obtained, while nothing is easier than to insure the second; but it is found that in practice the difference in diameter of the two ends of a cork compensates the defect in circularity, and bottles are well stopped, owing to the elasticity of the cork, even when the form of the stopper resembles an oval rather than a circle, as it is sometimes seen to do.

Later the English cork-cutters have had to compete with cork-cutting by machinery of American invention. The machine-made corks are perfectly circular in girth, but unfortunately, they are of the same diameter throughout, being perfect cylinders; and from this cause it may be that they are not found so acceptable to the dealers in bottled drinks as the old English article made by hand.

The uses to which cork is applied, besides that of stopping barrels, casks and bottles, are various and manifold. In the countries where the cork-tree grows, the inhabitants turn it to a hundred uses unknown with us. In Spain the bee-hives are cork, the kitchen pails are cork, the tubs, plates, and drinking-vessels are cork; with cork they roof in their houses, and line the stone walls of their apartments, thereby keeping them warm and dry. The cork-growers build the cabins of their men with cork, and close them up in cork coffins when they die. In our own country the capabilities of cork have been growing rapidly during the growth of the present utilizing age. Like the ancients, we supply cork to fishermen to float their nets, and, unlike them, we build lifeboats of cork with which to speed to the aid of the shipwrecked mariner; we have cork waistcoats in which we can leap safely from a sinking vessel; our schoolboys learn to swim on cork supporters; we burn cork to make Spanish black for artists and colourmen; we build mo-

dels of churches and cathedrals in cork, for our private museums and great exhibitions; we protect the soles of our feet with cork in wet weather; and we apply it to various other uses which are familiar to the reader. Even the shreds and cuttings of cork are not wasted—the smallest fragments that fall from the cork-cutter's knife as he sits at his daily work have a commercial value, and fetch a price in the market; for of these cork fragments, ground into powder, and mixed with melted india-rubber, is formed the modern kamptulicon, that soft, unresounding material, so pleasant to the foot, which covers the floor of the reading-room of the British Museum, the spacious chambers of the Houses of Parliament, and many quiet retreats devoted to seclusion, study, or repose, and where noise becomes a nuisance.

The quantity of cork used annually in this country is about two thousand five hundred tons—an enormous mass when its exceedingly light weight comes to be considered. Cork would hardly load a vessel to above one-fourth of its registered tonnage, so that this article of merchandise, comparatively insignificant as it is in value, forms no inconsiderable item in the carrying trade.

#### NAMES OF AMERICAN TOWNS.

IN the white straggling villages, which go in the States by the name of towns, the very first thing to strike the eye of the beholder is the wonderful slightness and flimsiness with which they have been constructed, as if the builders, unable to divest themselves of their nomadic associations, had "run up," with haste and carelessness, a lodge in the wilderness, which would serve the occasion of the present hour, and might be deserted without reluctance at the first opportunity. There is something to lay hold of in a wall of rubble, and an air of substance even in a mud cottage; but really those slim frame-houses, without body or solidity of any kind, coated with dazzling white paint, and embellished with the most vivid green doors, window-shutters, and verandahs, look exactly like a row of cardboard houses which the first puff of wind will blow away.

But this little defect is compensated in some degree by the wonderful ingenuity which has been expended in the naming of the thousand and one little townlets that are sown broadcast over the wide waste of the West. Truly, transatlantic fecundity in this respect, not to say transatlantic audacity, is something to be wondered at; here, if anywhere, there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Art and nature have alike been ransacked, to give names to the clusters of wooden huts, or little shanties of wayside stations. Europe, Asia, and Africa have been laid under contribution; history, ancient and modern, has been foraged, and yielded up its spoils. There is hardly a town in the British Islands, not a capital on the continent, scarcely a hero in all time, that is not reproduced in a fashion so ludicrous as to be almost provoking. The birds of the air, the beasts of the earth, the fishes of the sea, take part in the deed of sponsorship.

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,"

seem to have been invoked by the *genii locorum*. Every nationality and every language may here imagine itself at home. Here you will find every Christian name from Adam downwards; every surname in creation, from Montmorenci and De Soto to Smith and Hobbs. Here all the trees of the wood wave their boughs; there is Lebanon with its cedar, Parnassus with its laurel, not to mention the Ash, Sycamore, and Holly. Here are Yellow-bird,

Whip-poor-will, White Pigeon, and the mighty Eagle himself; Horse Cave, Wolf, Fox, and Beaver-dams; Whiting, Oyster, Salmon, and Turtle. Flowers appear to have been in slighter requisition, but at least you may find Hyacinth, Magnolia, and Clover; here you have Apple, Barberry, or Orange for your choosing, which you may eat at Cherry Run or Strawberry Plain. Nor is more varied diet wanting to eke out your feast of fruit; for here is French Beef and English Bacon, Honey, Brandy, Onion Grove, and Coffeeville. Of course all the worthies of the Western hemisphere are in presence, from Montezuma and Columbus to Washington, Franklin, and even Young America, who must himself have composed such startling appellations as Whistler, Black Lick, and Rough and Ready. But you might be on the shores of Styx, so fast do the shadows of the mighty dead rise around you. For here is not only Ilium, but Homer; not only Athens, but Solon; not only Carthage, but Hannibal; not only Rome, but Scipio and Camillus. If you are a poet, you may talk with Milton and Shakespeare; a theologian, here are St. Augustine, St. Bernard, and St. Paul; a mathematician, you may at least stop at Syracuse and cry Eureka. Nay, the Pagan gods have come back to life; Aurora, rosy-fingered, and Odin, with stern brow and gleaming eyes. Alas! how many warriors he is welcoming to the halls of Walhalla. Now you may light upon the village of Egypt, Wellington and Nelson in the distance, Napoleon somewhere or other, and Memphis, Cairo, and Thebes scattered about in all corners. You get out at Rubicon, but it is a chance if you do not meet Cobden instead of Caesar. And though you should alight at Macedonia, or even Sparta, do not be surprised to see Racine, or Melancthon resolved into his original elements, and appearing as Black Earth. Here the Englishman, to his astonishment, discovers Boscobel; the cockles of the Scotchman's heart are warmed by echoes from Glencoe; Paddy pricks up his ears at the sound of Erin and O'Bannon; and the Welshman may dream of his own mountains at Gwynedd or Peullyn. The next station to Jerusalem will in all probability be Waverley; and it is not unlikely that Berea adjoins Chelsea. The Northerner may wave the stars and stripes at Union; the Southerner plant his palmetto at Freedom, Independence, or anything he likes in the shape of Liberty, north, south, east, or west. All the world may sigh for Concord while Lincoln dreams of Conquest. Every religion on the face of the earth seems to have been provided for. There is St. Hilary, if you are High Church; Salem or Bethel, if a Dissenter; St. Anthony, if you are a Roman Catholic; Medina, if you are a Mohammedan; Amity, if you are a Friend; Ypsilanti, if you belong to the Greek Church; Canaan, should you prefer the Hebrew persuasion; Delhi, if you happen to be a Hindoo. If you are asthmatic, there is Poughkeepsie; rheumatic, Quakake; pragmatic, Buckhead; Asiatic, Bagdad. Yes, and Aladdin too; and it will not be at all wonderful if he has his lamp, and all the Arabian Nights behind him. But this is not all. If you are in a merry mood, you can go on to Sing Sing, or Hohokus; when you are dejected you may pitch your tent at Lackawaxen. In winter you will like to halt at Boiling Spring; in summer at Cold Water. When you are in a mood for figures, you can count Ninety-Six; if you wish for philosophy, consult Seneca; or geometry, indulge in Euclid; if, on the contrary, you are inclined to be foolish, you can be at no loss with such places as Shickshinny and Oshkosh to go to. The sentimental young lady may choose between Belvidere and Berzelia; Feliciano or Halcyn Dale will do for the honeymoon; plain, practical, matter-of-fact people will prefer Painted Post and Shoe Heel. Here is Calumet for the Indian;

Big Shanty for the black man; Agency, Economy, and Prosperity for the merchant; Hope for the Emigrant; Rolling Prairie for the boys; and Lovejoy for the little children.

## CHURCHING THE JUDGES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

THE following paragraph appeared recently in the "Times," and at the first blush of the business, as the saying is, it seems an odd thing to speak of churching a Judge. But it is, nevertheless, an ancient and grave custom, though it is probable not one in a thousand newspaper readers knows aught of the origin and nature of the ceremony.

THE JUDGES AND CORPORATION AT ST. PAUL'S.—On Sunday afternoon the ancient ceremony of "Churching the Judges" took place in St. Paul's Cathedral. Lord Chief Justice Erle, Mr. Justice Williams, Mr. Baron Martin, Mr. Baron Channell, and Mr. Justice Keating assembled at Serjeants' Inn, Chancery Lane, and at a few minutes before three o'clock were conducted to the Cathedral by a few members of the city police. Their lordships were received by the Very Rev. the Dean of St. Paul's, the Lord Mayor, Alderman and Sheriff Lawrence, Sheriff Jones, Mr. Under-Sheriff Farrar, Mr. Gresham, the High Bailiff of Southwark, the Common Serjeant, Mr. Secondary Potter, Alderman Besley, Alderman Gibbons, Alderman Waterlow, and a large number of members of the Court of Common Council. A procession was then formed, which moved into the Choir. The service was excellently intoned by the Rev. J. H. Coward, M.A., Rector of St. Benet's, Paul's Wharf; the lessons being read by the Rev. James Lupton, M.A., rector of St. Michael's, Queenhithe. The sermon was preached by the Rev. W. W. Champneys, M.A., vicar of St. Pancras, who selected for his text the 9th verse of the 20th chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, and explained the parable of which it formed part. Mr. Goss presided at the organ.

As old fashions change, and others pass away, it may be worth a page of "The Leisure Hour" to give a short account of this practice, and satisfy curiosity by showing that our venerable administrators of the law neither go to church to return thanks for any mercy vouchsafed to them, nor to condone for sins or offences, nor to listen to a condemned sermon, but to perform a simple act of duty, becoming in them, suitable to their eminent functions, and exemplary in a Christian country.

The origin of the ceremony referred to is, that prayers, in this country, precede all public acts. The House of Lords and the House of Commons have prayers every day before business. On laying the foundation stone of a public building, or cutting the first turf for a railroad, or the presentation of colours to a regiment, or any similar undertaking,\* the same usage is frequent.

In like manner, at every assize town, the first thing done by the Judge or Judges, is to go into court and hear the commissions of Oyer and Terminer, the commission of Assize, and other commissions read, and then one, or both, go to church, for prayers and sermon, which is preached by the sheriffs' chaplain. If, however, the business of that town will last till a Sunday, the assize sermon is postponed to that day, and not preached at once. This occurs at every assize town, all over England and Wales; and it is thus the judges are "churched," throughout the whole of their circuits for the dispensation of justice.

\* Ship-launching seems an exception, and a strange one, when we think of the prospective perils. We know not when the silly and heathenish custom of throwing a bottle of wine at a new vessel came into vogue. Some of our great ship-builders are sensible and Christian men, and ought to introduce a better form of inauguration. A brief but hearty acknowledgment of Divine Providence, and prayer for Divine blessing, would not be out of place at the commencement of this, as of all other human undertakings, if of a lawful kind; nor would this interfere with other arrangements or rejoicings of the occasion.—ED. L. H.



It will readily be presumed that what was adopted for the provinces could not be overlooked in the metropolis; and hence the ordering of the matter was, that on the first Sunday in Michaelmas, Hilary, Easter, and Trinity Terms, the attendance of the Judges at St. Paul's was a part of the judicial institutions. After the service, they adjourned to dinner at the Mansion House, on the Michaelmas and Easter; but in Hilary and Trinity Terms, from the time of George I, it was usual for the Sheriffs to give the entertainment at the hall to which their company belonged; or, frequently, Stationers' Hall, being near and convenient, was borrowed for the occasion.

But, as I intimated, several alterations have been made since the period of the first George. The first consisted of omitting the churching in the two winter Terms, Michaelmas and Hilary—it has been suggested, out of a feeling of compassion for the venerable occupants of the bench; for in elder days, happily no longer so prevalent, Judges seldom reached that eminence till they were much past prime or middle life, and some of them in the reverse of robust health. As St. Paul's is too spacious for being well warmed, it is supposed that the deaths of several Judges who had caught colds and coughs in their winter visits to the Cathedral, during frost and snow, led to their attendance being moderated to the two more temperate epochs of Easter and Trinity, as now arranged.

At a more recent date, whilst still the adjournment was to the Mansion House from the churches, to partake of the early five o'clock dinner, the party generally numbered sixty or seventy, consisting of the legal guests, certain city officers, and personal friends of the Lord Mayor. Although the proceedings were very quiet and decorous, and the party broke up between seven and eight o'clock, it was felt to be not exactly a correct exhibition for the London streets on a Sunday afternoon, to witness the dispersion of the sages of the law, in a manner not quite consistent with their dignity. In short, it was esteemed a sort of scandal to have a public entertainment on Sunday, and so the churching and the dining were divorced, and the latter has since taken place a few weeks after the former has been observed. Another improvement has been, the invitation of ladies. Not having been inside of the Mansion House of late, I can only speak from the report of Mr. Mayor Cubitt's last year's entertainment of the kind, that he called up the Lord Chief Baron to return thanks for the toast of "The Ladies," and that his lordship proved himself deserving of the trust, by replying in a felicitous style, mentioning some of the facts I have noted, and amusingly setting forth the merits of his clients in contributing so essentially to the augmented enjoyment of such turtle feasts.

Having so far described that the churching a law lord is quite different from the churching of a lady, I have only to add, that the service is the ordinary service of the day. There are no particular prayers or blessings. There are no fees given or taken. Some serjeants-at-law, as I have noticed, go as well as the Judges. The City Marshal meets them at Serjeants' Inn. There they get into their carriages; the City Marshal precedes them as they go in procession to set down at the south door of St. Paul's. After the service they now, as I have said, return to the places whence they came, and dine in their private circles, without holding festival on the Sabbath in public.

#### TRIUMPH IN DEATH.

In any collection of poems, written by persons in extraordinary situations, the piece from which the following

extracts are taken would deserve a first place. The author, Richard Langhorn, was a lawyer, who had been professionally employed by the Jesuits, and who fell a victim to the Titus Oates plot. Though a Roman Catholic, he affords one of the most striking instances of the impossibility of the falsest and most pernicious perversions of truth shutting out the grace of God. After his conviction, Lord Shaftesbury promised to him not only his life, if he would make a full discovery of the plot, but "as good a post, both as to honour and estate," as his heart could wish. Upon Langhorn's solemn protestation that he was not only innocent himself, but totally ignorant of any plot, pardon was promised him on condition of his disclosing what estates the Jesuits had in England, a knowledge of which it was ascertained that he possessed. This disclosure he made, resting satisfied that if the promised pardon were not granted him, he should then die with the comfort of a double martyrdom. "First," said he, "of dying perfectly innocent of the crime for which I should lose my life; and secondly, as choosing rather to die than to sin against my God and my neighbour, by charging others falsely. Whereas, if I had, on the other side, denied myself to have known anything of these estates which I was required to discover, I must have sinned against the God of truth by affirming a lie. And if, confessing that I had knowledge of such estates, I should rather have chosen to die than to have made a discovery of such my knowledge for the saving of my life, I should have appeared in some sort, at least, guilty of my own blood, through my own obstinacy."

It was after his trial that Langhorn poured out the effusion to which we have given a briefer title, but which he called "*The affections of my soul after judgment given against me in a court of justice upon the evidence of false witnesses.*" It is a most singular and passionate production. A poem it must be called, though it is not in verse; but with such arrangement of the lines as is usual upon monuments. In that only it resembles the lapidary style, not in antithetic turns, epigrammatic points, or the artifices of composition. His feelings were too much exalted for these, and his soul was too full. Perhaps there is not in this, or any other language, a rhapsody which appears to have flowed more entirely from the heart; and we subjoin the following specimen, not merely as a literary curiosity, unique in its kind, but also for its apparent religious fervour:—

"It is told me I must die,  
O, happy news!  
Be glad, O my soul,  
And rejoice in Jesus thy Saviour!

If he intended thy perdition,  
Would he have laid down his life for thee?  
Would he have expected thee with so much patience,  
And given thee so long a time for penance?  
Would he have called thee with so much love,  
And illuminated thee with the light of the Spirit?  
Would he have drawn thee with so great force,  
And favoured thee with so many graces?  
Would he have given thee so many good desires?  
Would he have set the seal of the predestination upon thee,  
And dressed thee in his own livery?  
Would he have given thee his own cross,  
And given thee shoulders to bear it with patience?

"It is told me I must die,  
O, happy news!  
Come on, my dearest soul,  
Behold thy Jesus calls thee!

He prayed for thee upon his cross;  
There he extended his arms to receive thee;  
There he bowed his head to kiss thee;  
There he cried out with a powerful voice,  
Father, receive him, he is mine!  
There he opened his heart to give thee entrance;  
There he gave up his life to purchase life for thee.

"It is told me I must die,  
O, happy news!  
I shall be freed from misery,  
I shall no more suffer pain,  
I shall no more be subject to sin,  
I shall no more be in danger of being damned.  
But from henceforth  
I shall see and I shall live;  
I shall praise, and I shall bless,  
And this I shall always do,  
Without ever being weary  
Of doing what I always am to do.

"It is told me I must die,  
O, what happiness!  
I am going  
To the place of my rest;  
To the land of the living;  
To the haven of security;  
To the kingdom of peace;  
To the palace of my God;  
To the nuptials of the Lamb;  
To sit at the table of my King;  
To feed on the bread of angels;  
To see what no eye hath seen;  
To hear what no ear hath heard,  
To enjoy what the heart of man cannot comprehend.

"O, my Father, thou best of all Fathers,  
Thou hast had pity on the most wretched of all thy children.  
I was lost, but by thy mercy am now found.  
I was dead, but by thy grace am now raised again:  
I was gone astray after vanity,  
But am now ready to appear before thee.  
O, my Father,  
Come now in mercy, and receive thy child!  
Give him the kiss of peace,  
Remit unto him all his sins,  
Clothe him with thy nuptial robe,  
Receive him into thy house.  
Permit him to have a place at thy feast,  
And forgive all those who are guilty of his death."

#### HADRIAN TO HIS SOUL.

LIVING, loving, wandering thing,  
Guest and friend,  
Is this the end?  
Whither spreads thy shivering wing?  
What uncertain regions trying,  
Seekest thou,  
Unfriended now,  
Forth upon thy joyless flying?

M. P.

#### HOME-WAIL\* OF A GERMAN EMIGRANT.

FLOAT ye thither, tones of sorrow,  
Greet from me my native strand,  
Hail the dearly-loved, the beautiful,  
Hail the sacred Fatherland!  
Hail, where over dale and mountain,  
Cheery sounds the huntsman's horn!  
Where, upon the lake's blue mirror,  
Light the fisher's bark is borne!  
Hail, where avalanches thunder,  
Mid the Staubbach's silvery spray;  
And each bosom-pulse is bounding  
To the hills—away! away!  
Now the Jungfrau's brow is glancing  
In the sunset's roseate glow:  
Were I but on eagle pinion,  
Soaring round her virgin snow,  
Or could pace the Saal's dark border,  
Where the pine's o'erhanging shade  
Sheltered oft a race of heroes,  
Echoed back their martial tread!  
Yes, the Elbe, the Rhine, the Danube  
Have full many a beautiful strand,  
Where their patriot sons exulting  
Boast a worthy Fatherland!

Rich in oaks, and rich in vineyards,  
Strong in rocks, and mild in flowers,  
Such our land, and such our people!  
Yes, a glorious land is ours!  
Float ye thither, tones of sorrow,  
Hail for me my native strand!  
All of joy and all of beauty  
Stays behind in Fatherland!  
Yet, alas! how vain my wallings:  
No kind zephyr bears them o'er;  
They but waken pangs which slumbered,  
Waken, now to sleep no more.  
Stormy billows moan around me,  
Misty vapours dim my view:  
All unheeded are my greetings!  
Fatherland! adieu! adieu!

#### M. GUIZOT ON THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.

A FRENCH edition of the volume of collected speeches, with biographical sketch of the late Prince Consort, is preparing by M. Guizot, who introduces it by a preface, from which some extracts have been published. This preface is written in a strain worthy of the subject, and worthy of M. Guizot's character and reputation.

"This book is an act of tender, conjugal, and Royal piety. It was published by the order and with the sanction of Queen Victoria herself, who felt the necessity of making known, honoured, and loved by all, him whom she herself had so much loved and honoured. In her days of mourning she experienced some consolation in bringing to light all the fine qualities, all the merits, of him who had so truly devoted to her both his love and his life. She wished that the world should know, so far as the world can know such secrets of the soul, what a treasure it was which she had just lost. Worthy of admiration and respect in any rank of life, this tender fidelity, this active and ambitious desire to serve a cherished memory, is still more touching on the throne, and to have inspired it is the noblest title of the departed prince."

After a sketch of England under William of Orange, and a comparison of the position and opportunities of the two Princes Consort, M. Guizot continues: "Guided by his own excellent judgment, or by the wisdom of the advice given to his youth, Prince Albert perfectly understood his position, and conducted himself with as much dignity as sustained sagacity. At once active and retiring, not only not seeking but even avoiding any prominent part in the Government, although deeply occupied with the public affairs of England, and the interests of the crown which graced the head of his wife, he was for twenty-one years the first subject, the chief adviser of Queen Victoria, her intimate and only secretary; associated imperceptibly with all her deliberations, influencing all her resolutions, skilful in explaining to her the views of her ministers, and in forwarding them without prominent interference, exercising by the side of the throne a judicious and wholesome influence, without once going beyond his proper position, or offending in any way against the regulations of the constitutional régime. During these twenty-one years Prince Albert was as good a husband in private as he was a wise and useful counsellor in public life. He lived in the most tender intimacy with the Queen his wife, both incessantly occupied in the education of their children, uniting to a sweet serenity of character and the charm of affection a just measure of conjugal and paternal authority, occupying and animating the lives of those by whom he was surrounded, and repaying to his family as much happiness as he derived from it. Noble conduct, and modest as noble, rare in the domestic history of thrones, and preserved by Prince Albert without effort, without variations of good or ill-temper—by the natural impulse of an upright and elevated mind, of an affectionate heart, and of a conscience as delicate as enlightened. By a fortunate chance—more rare, perhaps, than even the merits which enhanced it—Prince Albert was as happy in his domestic as in his public life. Happy, too, far beyond the common lot of man—loved with the deepest tenderness by the Queen his wife, he was also profoundly respected by all England. Each year brought him more happiness at home, more influence and consideration abroad. Happiness but too short-lived, which he must have seen pass away with intense regret, but which he enjoyed to his last hour, and in losing which he left in the heart of her to whom he had devoted his life as much love as sorrow, and in his adopted country one universal feeling of respect and regret."

\* "Heimweh" is the English home-sickness, or the Swiss *mal-de-pays*.